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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

THIS CITY ENTITLED TO IT.

The Speaker in the next Assembly should be from New York County.

There is no reason why this city should be compelled to take a back seat in State affairs. It seems to Albany more than any other of the delegates, and it was New York's votes that made the Legislature Democratic. Again, we have not had the Speakership in twenty years.

There is also something of even greater importance to be considered. This city pays more than one-half of the State taxes, and the Speaker is a member of the Board of Equalization of Taxes. That we are unjustly taxed there is no doubt, and as large representation as possible in this Board is desirable.

The most important legislative action is that which affects New York City, and the Speaker, therefore, should be familiar with its wants and interests. New York is entitled to the Speakership and should have it.

OMAHA'S DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

The news pages of this morning were well dotted with stories of tragedy and crime. No tale among them, however, was more strange or startling than that of the double crime of murder and suicide committed by young NARRIS BIRKBECK in OMAHA.

This girl shot and mortally wounded Capt. HARRIS BIRKBECK, a popular officer in attendance at the great Salvation Army services in OMAHA. Then she turned her still smoking revolver on herself.

The cause of the tragedy is not at this writing understood. Jealousy is hinted at. The possibility of mental aberration, caused by excessive religious fervor, is also suggested. Altogether the case furnishes a singularly promising opportunity to those for whom the study of strange crimes has a peculiar fascination.

THE GREAT HORSE SHOW.

The big Madison Square Garden is full of the finest specimens of the equine world to-day. It contains the very best of all man's best friends. Such a horse show as Gotham nor any other town ever saw before.

These are days when the full tribute is paid to the worth of the horse—to his usefulness, his beauty, his speed, his strength. Upon the cultivation of all these qualities much thought and care are expended. An exhibition of the best results obtained in all directions is instructive, entertaining and inspiring.

When also all ready for last night's eclipse the moon quietly drew her face behind a bank of gray clouds. It seemed as if of delicate shyness very worthy of pale Luna. But do you remember Yum Yum's song in the opera?

But pray make no mistake, we are not. We're very wide awake.

Much too wide awake, this gay and dainty moon, to miss the chance of fooling the earth's expectant scientists when she had the best of opportunities.

A boy named McGINNIS, caught stealing lead pipe, was seized by the owner and painted green. His father objected and had the painter arrested before Justice Durrty. That was marvellous turned the case out of court, with this consoling remark to the complainant: "You should be proud, McGINNIS, to have your offspring named your National color in lead pipe." Seemingly the cloak of Solomon has fallen.

That is a barbaric story of murder which comes from Baxter street: A jealous Italian woman urging her present paramour into the room which results in his shooting her former lover. She even furnishes the prepared weapon for the deed. New York is cosmopolitan in its crimes as well as in its people.

Cable despatches from Berlin tell scandalous stories of HERRMAN BISMARCK'S indulgence in the inebriating cup. It is evident that the Count's sense of the decorum is not preserved by the alcohol in which he occasionally steeped it. This is a field for the bi-choride of gold mission-ary.

While fears of a water famine grow heavier reports come from the Internal Revenue Department that there is more whiskey in the land than ever before. This is, however, comfort only for those who take their poison straight.

Instead of catching Anarchists in a trap, Chicago's police seem to have got themselves in a box. There are cases when the best measures in the interests of law and order are the most moderate.

A Pension Bureau clerk is discharged for writing a novel. He drew too strong a picture of Washington officialdom and social life, it is said. Was he somebody's enemy who wrote a book?

Mr. FARMER credits ex-President CLEVELAND with turning 10,000 votes to

Flower in the past election. This should give him something of a claim in next year's campaign.

One hundred yesterday. A spry and gay great-grandmother, the pride of four generations. Such is Mrs. PRINCE DUNARD, of Irvington. Here is a rare old age, indeed.

The news from Ohio that McKINLEY was elected because Democrats stayed away from the polls may be consoling to that party, but it does not help CAMPBELL any.

Judge McDAN has begun his first suit to refute Johnny DAVENPORT's charges. On it may depend DAVENPORT's fate. May the Judge win.

The strongest claim that the Hon. Isaac PERRY has to the Presidential nomination is his resemblance to Uncle Sam.

The Republicans are complaining that their County Committee is rusty. This is a bad year for stagnation.

There is little doubt now about both the Assembly and Senate being Democratic.

THE CLEANER.

Having rested from the recent political battle, the members of the Stockier Association are busy themselves with ordinary club pleasures. A member tells me that a match billiard game, cushion caroms, has been arranged for to-morrow night between two of the cleverest ivory punchers of the Club—Philip HIRSHKIND, the Broadway clothier, and Lester LEMMON, the Bowery tailor.

Harry Jacob, well known as a theatrical expert in the Tenderloin precinct, will be the referee.

There is a glut of green turtry in the market, and I am told, it is very cheap. Here is a good chance for the housekeeper.

It is forty-two days since Stratton began his fast. He hopes to beat Scott, who started forty-five days, and go him five days better. This is a variety of count that should excite pity rather than interest.

I was talking yesterday with a well-polluted politician, who assured me that the Senate would be Democratic by 18 to 14 and the Assembly by 60 to 50. There has been much fraud, he says, which will only be laid bare when the State Board of Canvassers get the returns.

Now let the festive gray squirrel look out for himself. The season for shooting him began yesterday, and the Hamapo Mountains in New Jersey are the objective point of many gunners. The woods there, I am told, are full of this little game, and they make delicious pies.

William Sulzer, the candidate for the Assembly Speakership, is twenty-nine years old, but looks younger. He is a firm, determined man of considerable dignity, and has shown his ability to handle the Assembly. This is an era of young men.

Austin Corbin has struck a snag, according to all accounts. He induced the Commissioners of Highways and Roads to close certain roads running through some of his land on Long Island, and to open a highway on the outskirts of his property. Some of the old residents of Babylon entered a strenuous protest, and the Commissioners withdrew their consent given to Mr. Corbin. He is now consulting with his lawyers.

Jack Glascock, the well-known New York Club baseball player, is said to have made the greatest pickup of his life. While excavating on his land for the foundation of a new building in Wheeling, W. Va., the other day, he picked up an oyster can containing \$2,000 in gold and silver coin and bills. It is a case of "findings keepings."

Some Things That Will Not Be.

(From the Reading Telegram.)

There will be no sealing of Legislatures in any of the States this coming Winter, and no browbeating and counting quorums in Congress.

Bismarck and the Kaiser.

(From the Rochester Post-Express.)

The Kaiser threatens to prosecute Bismarck if the latter gives away state secrets in the German Reichstag, but it won't stop Bismarck's dinner.

Inducements for Emigration.

(From the Courier-Journal.)

There are apprehensions that at home the Tennessee convicts may reach the State of Pennsylvania and go into politics there, they should go where the defaulting majority lies.

Dashing the Hopes of McKinley.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

Ex-Gov. Cornell, of New York, referring to McKinley as a Presidential possibility, says that "so many whose name begins with 'Mc' have been discovered that the fair copiers of the United States should explain himself."

The Chicago Detective in Poetry.

(From the Chicago Press.)

When the day has but a few hours more to live before it sinks into the dead past and is followed by its sunken brother, the majestic of the law, personified by a burly detective sergeant, steps out, purify the moral atmosphere of a great city.

Liberty Has Orders to Stand Up.

(From the Lancaster Examiner.)

Liberty is going to stand up on the new silver half dollars, instead of sitting down and taking it easy, as in the past. The goddess of Liberty, like other women, must keep up with the demands of the century.

Oh! Our Tailor Bills.

(From the Chicago Times.)

Whatever exists, says the gay optimists, is right, but we'd like to inquire if a law can be right.

Which, now Winter is right, makes our tailor bills higher and higher.

Not All "Cakes and Ale."

(From the Philadelphia Times.)

It is not all "cakes and ale" being a bishop, if we may judge by the talk of Bishop Tait, of Wyoming, who says that another bishop, with a salary of \$5,000, in a populous city, is so worried of the claims upon his time and purse that he would like to become an archdeacon at a salary of \$1,500, and would expect it to be \$500 more than is left to him out of his present stipend.

The Lady Is Ahead.

(From the Chicago Press.)

The local contest to settle the relative popularity of Baby Cleveland and Baby McKeeley is becoming wildly exciting. But the latest bulletins received show that the young lady has a safe lead, with an enthusiastic band of iron-clad brave backing her.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

Another Miss.

At the foot of Desbrosses street the other day, I bought some peanuts of a woman about fifty years of age, and as we fell into conversation about the weather, the hard times and so forth, I asked after her family.

"I've got none, sir," she replied, with something like a sigh.

"All dead?"

"I was never married, sir."

"Do you mean that you are an old maid?"

"I do, sir."

"But you have had opportunities to get married?"

"Well, sir, being as you have asked me the question, I will say that I have," she replied as she dug with her apron and looked a little shy.

"But you didn't see fit to accept, eh?"

"That's it, sir. Sometimes I think it would be pleasant to go home to husband and children and all that night comes and I am tired out, and at other times—"

"And at other times you ain't?" I said, as she made a long pause.

"Well, sir, it's just this way. Hus-

bands is bound to get drunk and throw his wives downstairs, and children is bound to die off with the scarlet fever, and whether I'd be any better off is a question I'm not able to decide. Still, sir—"

She blushed a bit, looked well more coy, and when I told her I was already married she flared up and exclaimed:

"Then go along with you! The idea of your smooching around here when you are old enough to be a great-grandfather!"

M. QUAD.

WHISPERED IN THE WINGS.

Sidney Drew and Manager Froh-

man Have a Tiff.

Sidney Drew has sent in his resignation to George Frohman, and there is a bellicose constancy about the atmosphere in the neighborhood of Mr. Frohman's office. Mr. Drew, who is a member—the best member, not excepting the star-of-Dixey's company, declines to go on the road with "The Man with a Hundred Heads" for the reason that he considers the part he has been given an unworthy one to play.

Now, Drew is a very ambitious young actor, who has already made a large name for himself in New York, and who, it has been conceded by many, has been the only member of the Dixey company to give complete satisfaction. When he was asked to play the part of "The Man with a Hundred Heads" he was very indignant, but he played it. Now he has rebelled, and declines to go on the road. Mr. Frohman, it is thought, will not accept his resignation. Friends of Mr. Drew say that the reason the young comedian has been sighted is that Mr. Frohman is next year to star John Drew, and he is not anxious for a brother to distract the attention of the public from the star.

George W. Traverlor, of the "Miss Helyett" company, has awakened criticism on the subject of the brogue he uses at the Star Theatre. It is not generally known that Mr. Traverlor was born in Dublin, and that he used his brogue very judiciously. He was a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

The cast of "Cinderella," the spectacle that is to be produced at the Academy of Music, has been nearly completed. It includes Bertina Beck, George Melville, Francis Ward, Nina Farrington, Norman Cole, Charles Burke, Lillie Allison, Edwin H. Carroll, Fred Mendoza, Katherine Pike, Jennie Rives, Lillian de Wolf, Joan Coyne, Mabel Knowles, Rose Newman, Marie Leyton, Minnie Williams and Edith Curtis. This is not all.

Louis de Lange, whose starring career in "Quack M. D." came to a speedy end, is bound that he will be a comedian. He has little and pathetic faith in himself.

"Tangled Up" is the name of a new farce-comedy, from the French, that he is going to try.

Sarah is going to have a very varied week of it at the Standard Theatre, beginning next Monday. Her repertoire will probably be as follows: Monday, "La Dame aux Camélias"; Tuesday, "Frou-Frou"; Wednesday, "Ariane Leconteur"; Thursday, "La Dame aux Camélias"; Friday, "The Girl of the Week"; Saturday, "Pauline Blanchard"; Sunday, "La Tosca." Business was enormous.

"Miss Helyett" had Commissioner Hesse as a visitor Saturday night, but "Helly" and the "Miss Helyett" had a much more famous spectator in the person—the stoic and delicately refined person—of "J. G." Gleason.

Francis Wilson has been in great demand by the dramatic and literary periodicals that indulge in Christmas issues. Wilson is one of the few comedians who can really go down a full of remembrance without the aid of a manager or of the peculiar individual known as "press agent." He has written a great many stories and is known as one of the most brilliant in the profession. (Of course he doesn't think of such details as an advertiser's agent.) Nat Goodwin is a fair contributor; so is the Wolf Brother. Marie Hansen can tell a story with a grammatical finish. She has promised to supply a ladies' magazine with a story of a singer's trial. Miss Hansen appears to have discovered that the fair copiers of the United States are, for aye, it is said, the story has not even been commenced.

"The Soudan" company now at the Academy closes Saturday night, and there will be many closes to add to the list of those who began the season cheerfully and may end as joyously. Louis James, the leading tenor, is to play a wondrous engagement in a little play called "The Silver King."

Bill Nye is so pleased with the success of "The Cad" that he is arranging to produce another comedy. It is likely, however, that the "Cad" will present "The Cad" for two years.

Harry Lee left the Standard House Saturday in great haste. A well-brought-up waiter, he ran backward and toward with a tray of champagne, and he was nearly run over by a crowd of the Standard's waiters. He was nearly run over by a crowd of the Standard's waiters. He was nearly run over by a crowd of the Standard's waiters.

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(From the Chicago Press.)

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MAKE THEM HAPPY.

Contribute to the Fund to Give

Poor Children Christmas Gifts.

Your Own Holidays Will Be the

Brighter for It.

Send at Once, for the Day Is Rapidly

Approaching.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD.....\$100.00

Previously acknowledged.....235.85

Paid.....25

Balance.....25

Midweek.....10

Balance.....10

Total.....\$100.00

Christmas!

Doesn't that one word make you feel as though you had wings on your heels, bells on your toes and a bounding ball where your heart ought to be? But you want to play leap-frog and hop over the chairs and table every time you hear it or see it?

Don't you know that greatest of all holidays will be here next month, that every boy and girl in the wide world is thinking about it, and that men and women in every country under the shining sun are preparing to celebrate it?

Own up now, haven't you thought of it, talked of it and dreamed of it ever since you put your winter clothes on?

Well, your visions are shared by a goodly company, and there is not a king or a grown person living who does not envy the pleasure of your Christmas to you, dear!

Keep right on little ones, for St. Nick is perfectly reliable. He has been making calls on the children of men for nearly 1000 years and never missed once.

That rollicking, rolly-polly fellow is at work on his visiting list and sunshine or storm, hot or fair weather, will arrive in New York on your Christmas day. His coming will make that day the very merriest of the whole 365.

You will have a most delightful time. Everything in the house will be bright and cheerful. There will be holly wreaths in the windows and a branch of mistletoe in the doorway. The pantry and ice-box will be packed with goodies, and the sweet odors that escape from the fruit cake, the plum pudding, the turkey pie and the roast of the fat, juicy turkey will resolve themselves into a delicious kitchen bouquet that will simply paralyze the nostrils who happens to scent it.

You will be looking your very nicest in your suit, every body you meet will call out "Merry Christmas to you, dear!" the old gentlemen will take your little hand in theirs and give it a real Christmas squeeze and a hearty shake; and the dear old ladies, God bless them, will want to give you a Christmas kiss. You will feel so very, very happy that your eyes will dance, your lips will smile, your heart will swell so big that it will prevent it from bursting you, and you will play the parts that I deem it advisable for you to play.

Now, Drew is a very ambitious young actor, who has already made a large name for himself in New York, and who, it has been conceded by many, has been the only member of the Dixey company to give complete satisfaction. When he was asked to play the part of "The Man with a Hundred Heads" he was very indignant, but he played it. Now he has rebelled, and declines to go on the road. Mr. Frohman, it is thought, will not accept his resignation. Friends of Mr. Drew say that the reason the young comedian has been sighted is that Mr. Frohman is next year to star John Drew, and he is not anxious for a brother to distract the attention of the public from the star.

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FADS, FANCIES AND FASHIONS THAT DELIGHT THE GENTLER SEX.

Sleeves Will Be Wider, but not High

—Spangles Are in Great Demand—White Gantlets Embroidered in Silk

Cord and Jewels.

Sleeves, as predicted, will no longer be made as high on the shoulders, but what they lose in height they will make up for in width.

For morning costumes the sleeves are to be wide and full to the elbow, and these tight; this tight part often of velvet, buttoned up to the elbow with very small silk or velvet buttons.

White gantlets, embroidered in silk, cord and even pearls, are worn in Paris with visiting costumes.

The negligee dress is capable of the most refined and exquisite arrangements. There is nothing more tasteful than house dresses of this kind. They are made of silk, satin, or tulle, and are trimmed with lace, ribbon, or other materials. They are often made with long sleeves and high collars, and are often made with long trains. They are often made with long trains.

The woollen materials that will be most in vogue are coarse-looking and thick, with all sorts of stripes, resembling zebra, or chine, or vermicelli pattern, but always a rough, hairy surface. The skirts made of these materials are either embroidered or trimmed with lace, ribbon, or other materials. They are often made with long sleeves and high collars, and are often made with long trains. They are often made with long trains.

Spangles are the novelty of the season, and are bought in large quantities for hat crowns, for gowns, for sets of trimmings, etc. There are in the market buttons, arrows and hat pins, all ornamented with spangles. Wings are ornamented with spangles. Spangles also cover some of the leading features. Large overcoats of lace net, with borders and small flower patterns, are laid around the hats and knotted to a bow in the back.

Lady Dilke has been speaking at Tatter under the auspices of the Weaver and Tailor Association on the value of organization, and expressed her dismay at finding a district which had always set an example to English women respecting the value trade union principles should be applied and noted on had lost ground in this direction. In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* Lady Dilke deals very ably with the proper relations of the Labor Commission to female labor, and it is evident that as at present constituted she fears that the grievances of women will not receive the attention to which they are entitled.

The handsomest ostrich feathers are not only used in millinery but appear as dress and cloak trimmings, bows, muffs, collars, edgings, etc., being shown in every possible width and style.

The days of short jackets are numbered with the dead, and to be fashionable and chic the coat must be quite of three-quarter length, or however short the wearer, it must fall considerably below the hips. Jackets that were made only twelve months ago look like the ridiculous frock of a child, and the only tolerable alteration is to make these close-fitting and add a Newmarket basque—an alteration which is only feasible when the material can be obtained, and therefore hopeless in the great majority of instances.

WORLDLINGS.

The longest Congressional career in the history of this country was that of Gen. Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, who for forty years has been continuously in Congress as Representative or Senator.

In the forty years that James Buchanan was in public life he was ten years in the House, eleven years in the Senate, Minister to Russia, Minister to France, Secretary of State and President.

The farm near Detroit, where ex-Minister Palmer, President of the World's Fair, makes his summer home, has on it an artistic old cabin, which Mr. Palmer has filled with antique furniture and rugs and bric-a-brac. It is the most valuable of his possessions.

Ben Butler says he acquired his great fondness for Revolutionary history in the long winter evenings when the family gathered round the blazing hearth and he told them of the brave deeds and to the accompaniment of hot cider and roasted apples told stories of the battles with the redcoats.

A curious instance of the perversion of popular pronunciation is found in the word Ricksal, the name of a lake in Oregon. His original name, given it by the French, was Le Croix.

VACANT VERSES.

Parodied for the Future.

When the hand shows rather early the starry phosphenes, darkness gently weeps in rainy tears.

Then, and the roof leaking, and I think it is night, that doesn't have it mended ere he shoots the rain-machete.

The Worm.

The worm was long, and he was in it.

There is one reason why.

To wit: The worm was long.

And he was in it.

And he was in it.

And he was in it.

And he was in it.